That still records within one, or when
She would with rich and constant pen,
Vaile to her Mistresse *Dian*, still,
This *Philoten* contents in skill
With absolute *Marina*: so
The Doue of *Paphos* might with the crow
Vie feathers white; *Marina* gets
All praises, which are paide by debts,
And not as giuen; this so darkes
In *Phyloten* all gracefull markes,
That *Cleons* wife with enuy rare,
A present murderer does prepare
For good *Marina*, that her daughter
Might stand peerelesse by this slaughter
The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,
Lychorida our Nurse is dead,
And cursed *Dioniza* hath
The pregnant instrument of wrath.
Prest for this blow, the vnbotne euent,
I do commend to your content,
Only I carried winged Time,
Poste on the lame feete of my rime
Which neuer could I so conuay,
Vnlesse your thoughts went on my way.
Dioniza doth appeare,
With *Leonine* a murderer. *Exit.*

Enter Dioniza and Leonine.

Dion. Thy oath remember, thou hast sworne to do it, tis but a blow, which neuer shall be knowne, thou canst not do a thing in the world so soone, to yeeld thee so much profit, let not conscience which is but cold, in flaming thy loue bosome, enflame too nicely; nor let pitty, which euen women haue cast off, melt thee but be a soldiour to thy purpose.

Leon. I will doo't, but yet she is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fitter then the Gods should haue her,
Heere she comes weeping for her onely Mistresse death,

nely

Thou

Thou art resolu'd?

Leon. I am resolu'd.

Enter Marina with a basket, of flowers.

Mar. No: I will robbe *Tellus* of her weede, to strew thy greene with Flowers: the yellowes, blewes, the purple Violets, and Marigolds, shall as a Carpet hang vpon thy graue, while Summer dayes do last; Aye me poore maide, borne in a tempest, when my mother dide: this world to me is like a lasting storme, me hurrying from my friends.

grave

hr.

Dion. How now Marina? why de'ye weepe alone?
How chance my daughter is not with you?
Doe not consume my blood with sorrowing,
You haue a nurse of me. Lord how your fauour's
Chang'd with this vnprofitable woe:
Come giue me your flowers, ere the sea marre it,
Walke with *Leonine*, the ayre is quicke there,
And it pierces and sharpens the stomacke;
Come *Leonine* take her by the arme, walke with her.

your.
So in Hen. 6.
blood-consuming sighs—

Mar. No I pray you, Ile not bereaue you of your seruant.

Dion. Come, come, Ile loue the King your father, and your selfe, with more then forraine heart: wee euery day expect him heere, when hee shall come and finde our Paragon, to all reports, thus blasted, Hee will repent the breadth of his great voyage, blame both my Lord and mee, that wee haue taken no care to your best course. Go I pray you, walke and be chierfull once againe; reserue that excellent complection, which did steale the eyes of yong and old,
Care not for me, I can goe home alone.

Mar. Well, I will go, but yet I haue no desire to it.

Dion. Come come, I know 'tis good for you:
Walke halfe an howre *Leonine*, at the least,
Rememer what I haue said.

Leon. I warrant you Madam.

Dion. Ile leaue you my sweet Lady, for a while: pray walke softly, doe not heate your blood; what, I must haue a care of you.